

Welcome Home, John

by OrionRejects

Category: Halo

Genre: Angst, Drama

Language: English

Characters: Cortana, Master Chief/John-117

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-15 09:13:31

Updated: 2013-02-15 09:13:31

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:03:11

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 339

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "And yet he had never had three words, three simple words, bring him to his knees." John-177 is a hardened man. Yet three words nearly destroyed him. Possible two-shot, but for now, consider it complete.

Welcome Home, John

_Hey. Aku here. Just wanted to say that this was really difficult for me to write.

>The ending of Halo 4 definitely annoyed me. Then again, I can't say that I would change it if I could..
>This is just a two-shot about John coping with Cortana's death, and a little extra t the end. It's not long, but this is only the first half. Probably. I don't really know, if my muse wanders back over, I might do a second half, but I wouldn't hold my breathe over it. So, for now, consider it complete.

>Now, Enjoy!

>"Welcome home, John."<p>

John-177 had taken many obstacles without flinching.

Seen countless people die.

Watched as good men and women were infected by the Flood.

And yet he had never had three words, three simple words, bring him to his knees.

"Welcome home, John."

He had built a barrier around himself after the other Spartans fell to the Covenant. One by one, he became a little more emotionless, a little more bitter.

Eventually, he didn't have anyone he would call a friend.

Aside from her, of course.

Cortana was the only person who had followed him through Hell, and back, the only one he truly trusted. The one light in a world made of endless shades of gray.

And now she was gone.

He sat up, giving up on trying to sleep. He looked to the door, more specifically the sign on the door that read, "UNSC".

His mind immediately filled in the blanks, "UNSC AI CTN-". John shook himself, not wanting to hear the echo of her last words again.

He was reprimanded for failing his mission.

For once, John-177 could care less about the fact that he failed. What he cared about, was who he failed.

Her.

"Welcome home, John."

Home... Home is wherever she was.

He heard a knock on his door, he got up and quickly threw on a white cotton T-shirt. As he reached for the doorknob, he heard a voice...

"Don't give up hope, Reclaimer."

End
file.